Per. May see the sea hath cast vpon your coast.

2. What a drunken knaue was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde.
In that vaste tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pitty him:
He askes of you, that neuer vsde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece.*
Gets more with begging then we can do with working

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adaies vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on,
A man throngd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may suffice
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Die ke- tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now a fore me a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l haue flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend, You said you could not beg.

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue? then Ile turne crauer too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle. But Master Ile go draw the net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you sir, do you know where ye are?

Per.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantap*
And our, King, the good *Symonides*

Per. The good King *Symonides*,

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be ca
For his peaceable raigne, and goo

Per. He is a happy King, since he
His Subiects, the name of good, by
How farre is his Court distant from

1. Marry sir, halfe a daies iourne
faire daughter, and to morrow is
Princes and Knights come from al
Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they m
cannot get, he may lawfully deale

Enter the two Fisher-men

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere'
poore mans right in the law, twi
on't, tis come at last, and tis turnd

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray
Thankes Fortune, yet that after al
Thou giuest me some what to rep
And though it was mine owne, p
Which my dead father did beque
With this strict charge, euen as
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath bee
Twixt me and death; and point
For that it saued me, keepe it in
The Which the gods protect the
It kept Where I kept, I so deare
Till the rough Seas (that spares n
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd
I thanke thee for t, my shipwrac
Since I haue here my fathers gift